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For the U. S. Military Magazine.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF **COMMODORE JOHN BARRY,**

THE FIRST CAPTAIN IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY UNDER THE CONSTITUTION.

By J. E. Dow, Esq.

It is peculiarly gratifying to the student of History, to trace out the lives of the heroes of former ages, whether they fought upon the hill side, or on the sounding valleys of ocean, in an obscure canton of a mountain land, or on the sea board of an infant nation. We love to contemplate the virtues of the illustrious dead, and as each succeeding age carries them farther back into the mists of time, their deeds of noble daring gleam brighter and brighter, and a halo of imperishable glory becomes their sure reward. No American in the 19th century can contemplate the banner that glitters in beauty above his head, without paying a grateful tribute to him,

Whose blood baptized its striped fold,
Whose hand made bright its stars.—

Commodore John Barry was one of those gallant spirits whose valor won for them in the infancy of the American Navy the sobriquet of the "Fire eaters". An Irishman by birth, he may well be supposed to have had no particular love for John Bull or his children. He was a man of large stature and noble mind, frank and courteous in his manners, generous to a fault to his friends, and severe and impetuous to his enemies, he worked his way from the hawse holes to the quarter deck, and finally left the service at the call of the Angel to the cold watch of death,

"With freedom's soil beneath his feet
And freedom's banner waving o'er him."

Presuming that no one can be unacquainted with his early history, I pass on to the time when the Navy of the United States was reorganized, at the commencement of the French war. Commodore Barry's commission, which is before me, gives him rank from the 4th of June, 1794, al-

though it was not signed by Washington until the 22d of February, 1797. A copy of his commission accompanies this sketch, and bears the bold signature of Washington. It is numbered *one*, and there being no secretary of the Navy at that period, it bears the signature of the Secretary of War.

His appointment to the command of the Frigate *United States*, is also embraced in his commission. In this respect, it differs from the commissions now issued to the naval commanders of our day.

As early as December, 1794, in connection with Commodores Dale and Truxton, we find him asking for active service at sea; we also find him with the same officers recommending the most approved models for the Frigates ordered to be built, and furthermore urging the necessity of building them from the almost imperishable live oak of our southern clime.

Barry, Nicholson and Truxton were appointed superintendants of the new Frigates. Barry was stationed at Philadelphia, to launch and fit out the *United States*, Nicholson at Boston to superintend the *Constitution*, while Truxton at Baltimore had charge of the *Constellation*. The *United States* was launched on the 10th of May, 1797, the *Constitution* on the 21st of October, and the *Constellation* on the 7th of September of the same year. In June, 1798, the *Constellation* sailed on a cruise, and in July, the *Constitution* and *United States*. The *Constellation* was a 36 gun Frigate, and the *Constitution* and *United States* were 44s. These ships were all victorious in the end, though the *Constitution* and the *United States* had no trial of sufficient magnitude until a later period. The *Constellation*, however, sent the

La Vengeance into Curacao in distress, with over one hundred and sixty vacant numbers in her mess book, and her masts and rigging nearly all shot away. It was made a matter of pride with these three commanders to get their ships at sea as soon as possible, and but for the yellow fever in the ship yard at Philadelphia, the United States would have sailed a year previous to the departure of the others. But to return to our principal object in commencing this sketch. The commission of Commodore Barry having been filled out, he went to receive it from the hands of the illustrious Commander-in-chief. What an hour—how full of interest—he was to head a new service, for whatever may be said of the bravery of the sea dogs of the Revolution, the service when the war commenced with France was of no account, a few gallant officers were to be found here and there, but their gold lace had become dim with age and their swords dull with rust; a few old hulks lay sinking in the mud at the wharves of our northern cities, while the rats held high court in the rotting Alliance on the island opposite Philadelphia. It was an hour of interest when Barry entered the presence of Washington—The father of his country surely felt an anxiety for the honor of the stars and stripes at sea, and the commodore though he trod like a freeman by a freeman's hearth, undoubtedly felt the high responsibility of his situation—He received his commission with dignity: A cordial shake of the hand with his commander, and he was off for his Frigate.

Among many things of interest concerning Barry the following hasty sketches have been furnished me by one of his officers. I have altered the language in a slight degree, but the spirit has been rigidly adhered to. As they never have been published they will doubtless prove interesting to the general reader.

It was late in July, 1798, when the Frigate United States under the command of Commodore John Barry, the oldest commissioned officer in the United States Navy, sailed from Marcus Hook, on the river Delaware, on a cruise to the West Indies, in search of French vessels of war, and merchantmen. I was an officer on board, and a townsman of Barry's. It was my first cruise; we were unfortunate in missing the French—the affair of the La Vengeance happened during our cruise. Soon after our arrival on the West India station, the following circumstance occurred, which bid fair to produce at one time the most direful effects. It was a clear moon light night—the United States, under easy sail, was bound to a celebrated watering place in the Island of Dominica, called Prince Rupert's Bay. As she drew near the land there suddenly emerged from its shadow, and swept in the clear light, a Frigate—we knew her to be an English cruiser at once, and passed along-side. When we came within hail of each other, the officer of the deck of the stranger hailed us in the usual way—"Ship A-hoy"—"Hello"—"From whence came you?"—"The United States"—"What Ship is that?"—"The United States." The British officer did not seem to understand it. He again hailed—"What Ship is that?"—"The United States, damn you," bel-lowed the Commodore, through the trumpet—"Send your boat on board his Britannic majesty's ship Cleopatra," replied the British officer, in a hasty manner. "I will do no such thing" answered the American—"If you have any thing to say or do with Commodore John Barry, send your boat on board the Frigate United States." "I insist upon your

sending your boat on board his Britannic majesty's ship Cleopatra," said the British officer. Our vessels were now so near that we could hear the orders given to the quarter master at the wheel. No answer was returned to the summons, but Commodore Barry ordered the drums to beat to quarters, and in less than five minutes, the whole ship's company of nearly five hundred men, were at their posts, ready for action. As the guns were run out, the British officer again hailed, begged the Commodore not to fire, and said that he would order a boat to be lowered and send an officer on board the United States. This was immediately done, the affair was amicably adjusted, and during the stay of the United States at Dominica, the most friendly intercourse existed between the officers of both ships. While the British Lieutenant was hailing, I omitted to mention that Commodore Barry turned to his first Lieutenant and said, in a voice almost smothered with rage—"Damn them I should like to have another fight with them before I die."

Late in the season at evening, while we were beating up under the lee of Saint Thomas, at that time in the hands of the Danes, a light boat came off from the shore, and a letter was put on board for the Commodore. After reading it the Commodore bore down for the British Squadron, that was then blockading the island, and made a signal to speak the Admiral. The British three decker hove her main topsail aback, and the United States ran under her stern. Admiral Beresford, who was an acquaintance and fellow townsman of Barry's, now appeared on deck, and after cordially returning the Commodore's salute, gave him permission to send his boat on shore for cabin stores. The Admiral then ran down to the fleet, while the United States tacked for the island. It was nearly dark when the ship hove to, off the harbour of Saint Thomas, and sent the 2d cutter ashore, in charge of myself, for the stores. As I was going over the ship's side, Commodore Barry directed me to bring off whatever articles might be given me by Mr. Murphy, a particular friend of his at Saint Thomas. I accordingly pulled into the shore, and upon landing found Mr. Murphy with a large amount of silver in bags ready to be put on board the boat. Immediately the money was placed under my charge, and having purchased a quantity of provisions, I returned to the ship. Our boat was immediately ran up, and the United States took her departure for the southward. The day after I landed, the island was taken by the British, and the Admiral was informed of the loss of the treasure. Admiral Beresford swore marline spikes and great guns on the occasion, and sent the whole fleet in pursuit of Barry, but could not find him. The United States returned soon afterwards to Philadelphia, and the dollars of Murphy were deposited to his order in the Bank of America. Murphy returned to the United States shortly afterwards and settled in Philadelphia, where the fruits of a long period of toil and vexation awaited him, for which, as well he might, he rendered thanks to the adventurous Barry.

During the time the United States and the Cleopatra lay in Prince Rupert's Bay, a sailor on board the British ship, had planned a way to escape, and had at the watering place communicated the same to one of our seamen. Accordingly after the two vessels got underway—for they left the

THE PRESIDENT of the UNITED STATES of AMERICA,

Vol 2-
To *John Barry.*

Registered
Wm. Hagg Junr
Captn
N. One.

I GEORGE WASHINGTON, President of the United States, *reposing special Trust and Confidence in your Patriotism Valour Fidelity and Abilities, have nominated, and by and with the Advice and Consent of the SENATE, appointed you Captain in the NAVY of the UNITED STATES, and Commander of the FRIGATE called UNITED STATES; to take Rank from The Fourth day of June, one thousand seven hundred and ninety four. You are therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of Captain and Commander by doing and performing all manner of things thereunto belonging. And I strictly charge and require all Officers, Marines, and Seamen under your command, to be obedient your Orders as Captain and Commander: And you are to observe and follow such orders or actions, from time to time, as you shall receive from the President of the United States superior Officer set over you, according to the rules and discipline of War, and the usage of.*
THIS COMMISSION to continue in force during the pleasure of the President of the Univ.

By the President,

James M Henry
Secretary of War

Given under my
day of February in
hundred and ninety
dependence of the

harbour together, the one bound to the windward, and the other to the leeward—the sailor jumped over-board from the Cleopatra and swam for the United States, where he found a line with a noose ready and he was soon hauled on board. As he stepped his foot on deck, he looked up at the colors, and said, “these are the colors I was born under, and these are the colors I will fight under until I die;” and immediately ran on the quarter deck, half dressed as he was and dripping like a river god. “What is that you say, my friend?” said Commodore Barry approaching him. — “I am an American by birth, Sir, and have been impressed.” “Have you any proof of your birth.” “I have a protection,” said he, “on board the Cleopatra, in my chest.” “Very well,” said the Commodore, go below, I will protect you.” A British officer now came on board from the Cleopatra, which vessel was but a mile to leeward, and demanded the deserter from the Commodore. Commodore Barry informed him that he claimed to be an American, and he could not give him up. The British officer declared that he was not, but that he was an Irishman by birth. Commodore Barry then sent for the sailor’s chest, while the

British officer remained on board. Upon the arrival of the chest it was opened, and in a tin case was found the protection which was exact in its description of the seaman’s person, and regularly signed. He was declared to be a citizen of Philadelphia. Upon making this discovery the Commodore refused to give the deserter up, and the British officer returned to his vessel in no very pleasant mood. The ships soon took their departure on different courses from the land and at sunset the United States was alone. The seaman, who was a jolly fellow, now told his fellow countrymen below that he had never seen the United States in his life.

Many other incidents in the life of Barry could be collected, but the want of time compels me to bring this opening sketch to a close. Commodore Barry died as he had lived, a brave and excellent officer, and now in Philadelphia, with Truxton and Bainbridge and other gallant spirits of the deep “he sleeps the sleep that knows no waking.”

Anecdote of Benjamin Lincoln,

RELATIVE TO THE

ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY.

THE following anecdote has been furnished us by Mr. J. R. Smith, artist of this city, to whom it was told in Boston, in 1810.

Soon after the end of the Revolutionary war, the different states were engaged in adopting their charters, constitutions, &c., to the new state of things, which involved special privileges, grants, &c. &c. Among other corporations, a military company appeared in the streets of Boston, composed of officers of various regiments and companies, of all kinds of dresses and colors, which attracted the attention of the populace as something entirely new. This was natural enough, as the company had not had an opportunity, on account of active service, of meeting during the war. After parading for some time, some young bloods, whose lips had scarcely borne the down of opening manhood, and whose gold lace had never been dimmed by the bivouac or the midnight march, questioned the veterans right to appear duly officered, and equipped as a company of the Massachusetts Guards. The Ancient and Honorable pleaded an old charter as their platform, but it being observed that they were all officers, both rank and file, it was deemed too aristocratic a body for old Massachusetts. The excitement now became very great, and the legislature to whom the matter was referred, after a long debate, sent a deputation to Congress on the subject. The petitioners also sent their committee, among whom was Horace Binney, Esq. the legal Hercules of our city.

On arriving at Philadelphia, where Congress then held its sittings, the committee proceeded to business. The

merits of the case were discussed in Congress, and then referred to a special committee, which, after hearing all the arguments, *pro* and *con*, reported in favour of submitting the matter to general Washington for his decision. Upon Washington’s arrival at Philadelphia, the day for hearing the voice of the chartered company was fixed. Both parties, at the specified time, repaired to his quarters. After listening for some time to the arguments on both sides, his aid de camp, general Lincoln, entered the council in his full dress; after the customary salutation had passed between the commander-in-chief and his aid, Washington, who had been walking to and fro during the discussion, turned to Lincoln, and said—“Do you know such an institution as the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.” “I do,” says general Lincoln. “Well, what kind of a concern is it,” said Washington, rather impatiently. “I can only say,” said Lincoln, smoothing his plume with his hand, “that I have the honor of being a private in the Corps.” “What,” said Washington, “you a private in that company, Lincoln, surely you joke.” “No, general,” said Lincoln holding out his waving plume—“I claim the honor of being a *private* in the *Ancient and Honorable Artillery*, and pride myself upon it, as the brightest feather in my cap.”

Washington walked immediately to the table—“give me a pen,” said he, “that cannot but be a noble institution, deserving the protection of our country, in which general Lincoln claims the honor of being a private,”—and bending his noble form, he wrote upon the parchment scroll that gave them a being,—“Approved, George Washington.”

Written for the U. S. Military Magazine,

OLD IRONSIDES AT MALTA.

By J. E. Dow, Esq.

"The white sail is set and our ship flings the foam
Like a courser that chafes to be free".—HILL

MORNING dawned upon Minorca, and the bells of the old Cathedral, at the dim hour of matins, called the devout Catholics from their couches to their prayers. It was at the commencement of February, 1838. The winter had died away upon the Islands of the Mediterranean, and a few hoary locks—mementos of the past—hung high upon the bald brow of Toro. A cannon now burst upon the ears of the Mahonese—the hills around Mahon sent back the sound with additional reverberations, while Rat Island, famous in Mahon history, past it over to the home of the golden farmer in ten thousand quavers.

The Constitution Frigate had hoisted the "blue peter" at her fore, and the lagging midshipmen, with here and there a swab in company, came gliding down the rocky bluffs, like swallows down a cottage chimney in a thunder storm.

The shell girls and washer women now clustered upon the nearest rocks, with short dresses and soiled pocket-handkerchiefs, to weep and wave adieus. Tradesmen who had bills—and where are they who have not?—hurried off in skiffs and shore boats to the departing vessel. Scores grew surprizingly under the eye of the furnisher, and credit went down on the shores of Minorca like fancy stocks in Wall Street.

Eight A. M. came, and the old Frigate passed Castle Philip; and when eight bells were again struck by the messenger boy from the deck, the Islands of cranes, beggars and stone slingers, had sank in the Mediterranean waves. The sun beams glanced gloriously before, and the endless ripple sang its unceasing song astern—Then was there mourning in port Mahon—the glory of John Catcho had departed, Hewitt and his daughters were forgotten—wood cocks and date fish—sixpenny cuts and sardines—puckery wine and washing without soap—Pontius Pilate and Madame Colonne—all, all, had been forsaken for—

—"Calypso's Isle,
Where still the Syren sung—
In dingy face and doubtful smile—
With love upon her tongue."—

The breeze freshened from the Gulf of Lyons, and the ship glided o'er the waters "like a thing of life" At 4 P. M. a British three decker hove in sight, heading for the land, and at the same moment the drowsy look-out sent down from his airy perch the joyful shout of "Land ho". We looked around with intense interest—His Britanic Majesty's Ship Vanguard, of 74 guns, was beside us, while Malta, like a sinking isle, appeared amid the breakers ahead. Our ship and the British cruizer now went in for a race. Onward dashed the master pieces of human ingenuity, and louder and more dreadful came the anthem of the breakers to our attentive ears. Both ships were running large—No Pilot approached either vessel—The wave, as it came back

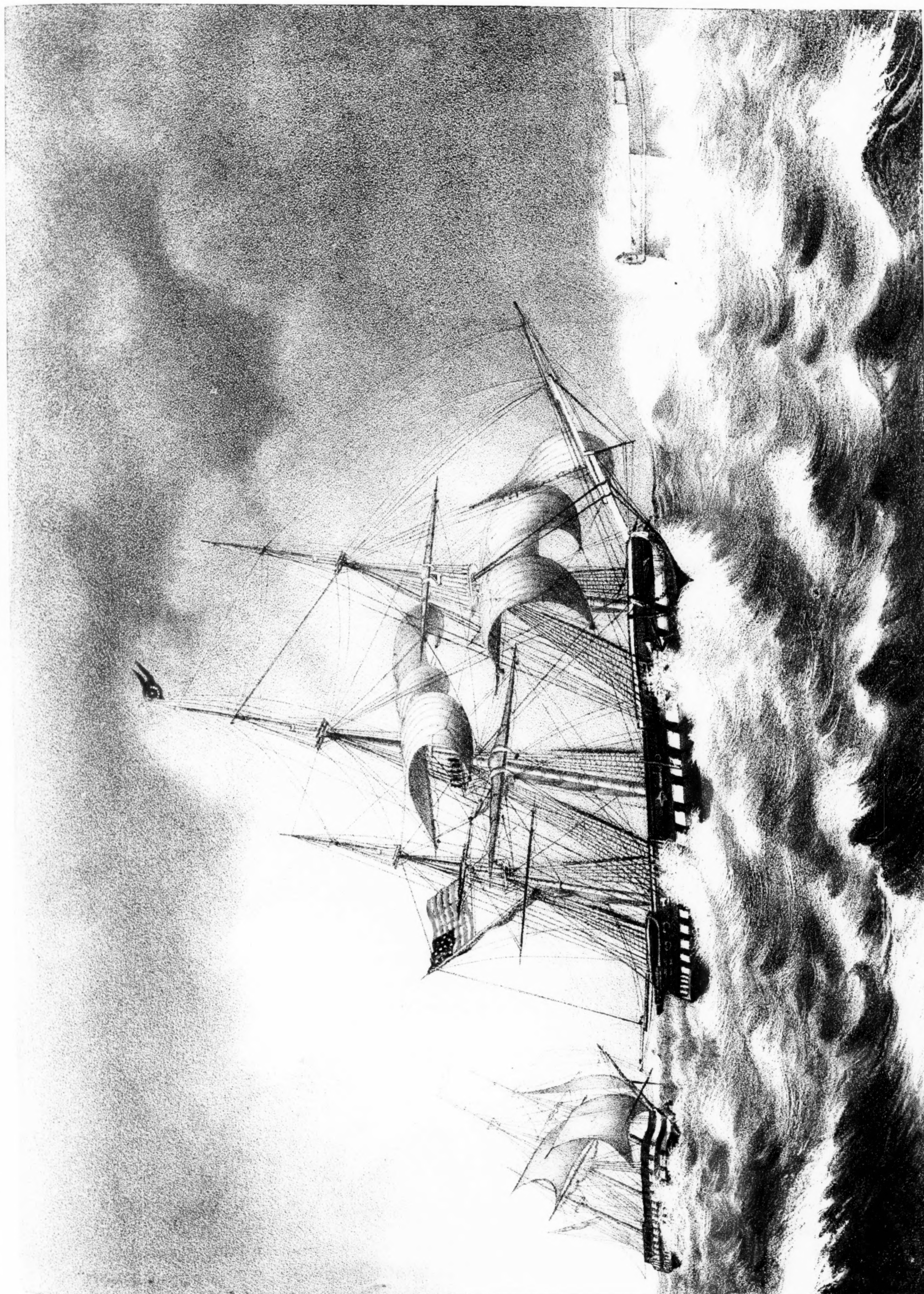
in a quivering mass of foam hissed, and sparkled around us. The deep heaved like a sea sick admiral, and the waisters came in for a ducking—A foaming pillow or a foaming can was to be our lot—judge then whether idleness or inattention sailed in our ship's company—The shore was alarmingly near—A second at a critical moment may work out destruction—The Commodore seized the trumpet—not a whisper of man was heard in the ship—She was under a close reefed main top sail, reefed fore sail, and fore top mast stay sail—The foam of the billow licked her guns, and she snorted at the hausehole like a race horse at the third heat—The time for shortening sail drew near—Hark to the deck trumpet—

"Man the main topsail clewlines and buntlines, fore clew garnets, buntlines and leechlines—Stand by the weather main topsail sheet and weather fore tack—Meet her quarter master—Now give her the helm"—"All manned forward, Sir"—"All manned at the main, Sir"—"Very well, Sir—Ease away—handsomely—Now walk away—Round in the weather main topsail brace, and let go the main topsail halliards."—The ship righted while the Vanguard lay down in the foam astern. Hark again! She has reached the breakers. "Man the fore topmast staysail, downhaul—Let run the fore topmast staysail halliards and run away with the downhaul—Gather in the slack of the sheet as the sail comes down." The Frigate passed in with the billows, curling in giant masses over either brow, and dropped her anchor in a smooth and quiet haven under the thousand guns of Valletta. Admiral Sir Robert Stopford's flag was now saluted with 21 guns. "Nine hours from Mahon" cried the officer of the watch, as he entered the wardroom, "and the shortest passage ever made since the days of Paul"—At this moment the lagging Vanguard, like a wounded whale, came floundering through the breakers, and sank to an unquiet rest.

The bugles call now wound in notes of silver clearness around the bastions of the Templars: A heavy cannon roared majestically over St. Paul's Bay—The cross of Saint George, and the stars of the west sank sweetly and peacefully together: and it was night at Malta.

After spending a few days in the interchange of customary civilities, the 22d of February* arrived—the anniversary of the birth of our beloved Washington. It was a beautiful morning, and well worthy to dawn upon the garden of the world. As the sun peeped over the castles at Malta, the Constitution flashed into sight, dressed for a gala day, with the ensign of Britain proudly waving from her starboard main yard arm. In an instant the British men of war sent up American ensigns to their royal mast heads, and the notes of "Adams and Liberty" swelled gently over the bay, and died away upon the shores of the castled Isle.

*For Plate, see No. 2.



U.S. Navy

U.S. Naval Academy

U.S. Navy

THE ALBATROSS
Bearing the Pendant of Commodore JESSE DUNCAN, ELLIOTT,
Albatross, February 1846.
(Cape Light secured.)

U.S. Military Magazine.

Vol. 2, p. 17.

At 12 meridian, under a general order to commemorate the day—and what American on earth would forget the day in the absence of such an order?—A salute of one gun for each state in the union was fired by the Constitution. The smoke had hardly died away from the American Frigate's bows, before every vessel in port had responded to the salute—gun for gun. The peak of distant *Ætna* echoed back the sound of an hundred cannon, and the old knights of Saint John almost started from their coffins of lead and mortar to witness a sight so novel and interesting.

Evening now came down the *Ægean* and the sun sank behind Goza. The flags were simultaneously struck, and the grim old battle ships rode in silent majesty upon the sleeping water. The Constitution now run up the British ensign at her main, fired a salute of 19 guns, and sent a message of thanks to the Admiral, her band playing all the while "God save the King." On this day, more by accident than by design, the American Commodore was invited to dine with Admiral Stopford. After some salutations had passed, the Admiral turned to him and said—"Commodore, we have made some noise for you to day." "Yes, Sir Robert," replied the Commodore—I felt singular pride at beholding the flag of my country waving so conspicuously in your fleet: but judge of my joy and astonishment at hearing your hundred cannon thunder forth the praise of our Washington!"

"Commodore,"—said the Admiral, looking over his punch bowl, while a smile of satisfaction lighted up what little of his noble countenance the yellow fever and the fatigues of battle had left—"George Washington was a chip of the old block."

Sir Robert Stopford at this time was one of the Senior Admirals of the British Navy, and proved in his own per-

son, that a truly brave man must of necessity be a gentleman.

A few days past swiftly away, and major general Sir Henry Bouvrie invited his American guest to witness a parade of the garrison. On the day appointed, in the presence of the high officers of the Army and Navy, 4000 British troops, preceded by 120 instruments of martial music passed in review before the Commander of the American Squadron, the band playing Hail Columbia. After the rear had passed, the whole column counter-marched in quick time, the officers, colors, and music saluting as before. A brilliant attack was now made upon the beautiful village of Florian, which was repelled by a successful sortie. Sir Henry and his numerous staff, in the rich uniform of his corps, now approached his guest, and with the ordinary salute enquired whether he could do any thing more to make his time agreeable. The American Commander returned his grateful acknowledgments for the honor shown his nation in his person, and begged as a favour that the soldiers might be dismissed and permitted to enjoy their repast. In a moment, at a signal, a bugle sounded from the centre, the column took up its line of march for the garrison, and the grand parade was over. Upwards of 10,000 people of Malta witnessed the imposing spectacle—ladies waved their handkerchiefs in delight, and the shouts of the multitude echoed along the ramparts. The crew of the Constitution, which lay in sight, now sent back the plaudits from her lofty yards, with three hearty cheers. Night then fell upon the midway rock of the Mediterranean, and silence like a weary bird brooded over Valletta. At sunrise the next morning the American Frigate was under weigh: and as the Flag of the Admiral ascended to its post of honor, her topsails were dipping in the eastern sea.

Old Ironsides.

By HOLMES.

WRITTEN WHEN SOME GOTH PROPOSED TO BREAK UP THE OLD FRIGATE CONSTITUTION.

Aye! tear her shattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rang the battle shout,
And burst the cannons' roar—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more:

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below.

No more shall fall the victor's tread,
Or bow the conquer'd knee—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shatter'd hulk
Should sink beneath the wave,
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to her mast the holy flag,
Set every thread-bare sail,
And give her to the god of storms—
The lightning and the gale!

Passed Midshipmen's Dress.

FULL DRESS.

Coat to be the same as Masters Commandant, with the exception of the embroidery, which is to be the live oak leaf, with acorns, and a fowl anchor, with a five point embroidered star, to be arranged as per *pattern*.

UNDRESS.

Coat of blue cloth, lined with the same, standing collar, with the same number of buttons on the breast, pockets, flaps, cuffs, and folds, as for full dress, together with the anchor and star (without the embroidery) formed of white cloth inserted in the collar on each side, as has been directed for full dress.

From the War, of January 4th, 1813.

NAVAL HEROISM REWARDED.

THE Corporation of this city, assembled on Monday last, at 11 o'clock, in the elegant and spacious Common Council chamber, for the purpose of carrying into effect, their late vote to present the freedom of the city to Captain Hull in a gold box. At the time appointed, a committee, consisting of Alderman Fish, Alderman Mesier, and General Morton, were deputed to wait upon Captain Hull, who was in an adjoining room, and introduce him to the Board. On his entrance through a large crowd of citizens, his honor Dewitt Clinton, Esq. rose and made him the following complimentary Address:

Sir—In behalf of the common council, I have the honor of presenting you with the freedom of this city; and of communicating their high sense of the courage and skill displayed by yourself, your officers and crew, in the capture of the British Frigate *Gurriere*.

Deeds of valor, and achievements of glory, are at all times cherished by patriotism, and rewarded by true policy. But when we consider, that our recent victories on the ocean have exhibited the American character in the most interesting light, have created a new era in the annals of naval warfare, and have been the principal means of establishing our navy on a respectable and permanent basis; it must be universally admitted, that the actors in these scenes of heroism, are pre-eminently entitled to the gratitude of their country. That commerce is essential to our prosperity; that it cannot flourish without protection; and that it cannot be protected without a navy, are truths too evident to be denied, and too important not to be appreciated by the intelligence and public spirit of America.

We cannot withhold, on this occasion, our cordial approbation of your generous and benevolent treatment of the vanquished. It demonstrates the natural alliance between courage and humanity; and in mitigating the calamities of war, it reflects honor upon our national character.

He then presented him with the diploma elegantly executed on vellum, conferring the freedom of the city in a richly embossed gold box, with a representation of the battle between the *Constitution* and *Gurriere*, at the moment when the mainmast of the latter went by the board, beautifully painted in enamel.

Captain Hull in a few words, and in a low and modest tone of voice, expressed the deep sense he felt at the honors thus conferred upon him. That box and its highly valued contents, he pledged himself to preserve, as an incentive to his zealous and most strenuous exertions in the cause of his country whenever future good fortune should afford him an opportunity. To have it believed, he said, by so highly respectable a body as the the corporation of the city of New-York, that any action of his had contributed to so desirable an event as the establishment of a navy on a permanent basis, was a source of pleasing reflection which would only cease with life.

His honor the mayor then administered to Captain Hull the Freeman's oath, which being taken, and the ceremony finished, Captain Hull retired amidst a thousand citizens who lined the passage and stairs, and at the moment of his departure, made the welkin ring with the exhilarating huzza.

NAVAL DINNER.

ON Tuesday last the Corporation and Citizens of New-York, gave a splendid Naval Dinner, at the City Hotel, to Captain Hull, Commodore Decatur, and Captain Jones, as a testimony of the high sense they entertain of their late brilliant and inexpressibly valuable exploits. At 5 o'clock, between four and five hundred gentlemen sat down to a table prepared by Mr. Gibson, covered with every solid and every dainty the season affords: succeeded by a dessert consisting of delicacies of every description. The best of liquors, and the choicest wines were not wanting to complete the whole. Three hundred gentlemen, at least, it is

supposed applied for tickets too late to be accommodated.

On entrance, the room presented the appearance of a marine palace, colonaded round with the masts of ships, entwined with laurel, and bearing the national flags of all the world. Every table had upon it a ship in miniature, with the American flag displayed. In front, where the President sat, with the officers of the navy and other guests, and which was raised about three feet, there appeared an area of about 20 feet by 10, covered with green swart, and in the midst of it was a real lake of water, in which floated a miniature Frigate. Back of all this hung a mainsail of



From Life on shore by G. R. R. R.

For David's Life R. R. R.

PASSED MIDSHIPMAN. U.S. NAVY.

a ship, 33 feet by 16, on which was painted an eagle in opaque, holding a scroll in his beak, on which was inscribed these words, "*Our children are the property of our country.*" This sentiment possesses great interest were its author known, and the occasion on which it was uttered. A Public Dinner was once given by the young men of Philadelphia, in honor of some exploit in the Mediterranean, at which the elder Commodore Decatur, the father, was present, with his two sons, Stephen and James who sat on each side of him, and being called upon for a toast, the venerable old man gave the affecting sentiment above expressed. It was not long before he heard of the death of James in carrying a Turkish gun-boat before Tripoli.

His honor the Mayor presided, with Commodore Decatur seated on his right hand, and Captain Hull on his left. Captain Jones was not present, not having arrived in town.

After the cloth was removed, the following *thirteen* toasts were drank, in the order in which they stand.

TOASTS.

1. *Our Country.* May it ever be distinguished by Wisdom in Council, and energy in action.

Tune, Hail Columbia.

2. The President of the United States.

Tune, President's March.

3. The Governor of the state of New-York.

Tune, Tomkins' March.

4. *Our Navy.* With such an auspicious dawn, what may we not hope will be its meridian splendor? Drank standing—three cheers.

Glee, The Heroes of the Ocean.

Here the mainsail, back of the President, was suddenly furled up, and disclosed, as if by magic, a transparent painting of its whole extent, representing the three victories. The *Constitution* taking the *Guirriere*, the latter in full blaze, dated August 19th, 1812. The *Wasp* taking the *Frolic*, dated October 25th, 1812, and the United States taking the *Macedonian*, dated November 18th. The company were electrified, and instinctively rose and gave three cheers.

5. *The Union of the States.* May it never be endangered by foreign attachments, or by internal dissensions.

Song, Columbia's Glory.

6. *American Gallantry.* Patriotism its stimulus; Glory its object; a Nations gratitude its reward.

Song, "Decatur, Hull, and Jones are here.

Here the topsail of a ship, which hung behind the Vice-President, 14 feet by twelve, being suddenly furled up, displayed a second transparency, equally brilliant and striking with the first. It represented the American Eagle holding three medallions; one inscribed HULL and THE GURRIERE, another DECATUR and THE MACEDONIAN, and the third JONES and the FROLIC. The music at the same moment struck up *Yankee Doodle*, and nine cheers expressed the feelings of the company.

7. The memory of those brave Tars, who have nobly fallen in acquiring glory to the American Navy.

Glee, Hull's Victory.

8. The Army of the United States.

9. *Commerce.* The Parent of civilization—the Protectress of the Arts—the supporter of National greatness—three cheers.

Glee, We be three Poor Mariners.

10. *Our Maritime Rights.* Let our government but furnish the means, and our gallant tars stand ready to maintain them—three cheers.

Song, Decatur's Victory.

11. *The Memory of Washington.* "First in War, first in Peace, and first in the hearts of his Countrymen." Drank standing.

ROUND—Wind gentle Evergreen and form a shade,
Around the tomb where Washington is laid.

12. *The spirit of Patriotism.* May it always control the spirit of Party.

Song, Our Country's our Ship.

13. *The Cause of Liberty throughout the World.* May free Nations respect the rights of others, while they vindicate their own.

Glee, Here's a health to all good lasses.

THE SAILORS DINNER.

JANUARY 9TH, 1813.

THE dinner ordered by the corporation of New-York, for the brave fellows who belong to the frigate United States, was on Thursday given at the City Hotel, Broadway. At two o'clock the noble tars, having landed at New Market, were formed in procession, and proceeded down Pearl Street, up Wall Street and Broadway to the hotel. Their appearance was highly gratifying to the feelings of every American. As they passed, appropriate music was played by the Macedonian's band, and the boatswain's pipe added not a little to interest the feelings of thousands who

lined the streets. The sailors were dressed in blue jacket and trowsers, and glazed hats. The marines in their uniform, brought up the rear of the procession.

Having arrived at the hotel they passed in, two deep, amid the huzza of the populace. The dinner, provided by Mr. Gibson, was excellent. Their toasts were appropriate and drank with unaffected good will.

The same decorations were in the room which were exhibited at the dinner given to Commodore Decatur and Captain Hull. As soon as the sailors were seated, the cur-

tain, which concealed the two beautiful transparencies mentioned on a former occasion, were displayed—when Mr. Alderman Vanderbilt, one of the committee of the Corporation, rose and delivered the following address:

Brave American Tars!—The corporation of the city of New-York have ordered you this entertainment. It is given as a tribute to your valor, displayed in the capture of the British Frigate, the *Macedonian*.

Behold yonder miniature of your gallant achievement! See yourselves entwined in wreaths of laurel, with the brave *Hull* and *Jones*, and their valiant crews. Emblems of our gratitude!—tokens of honor! which alone belong to the brave.

The burst of applause which resounds from Georgia to Maine, and the shouts of your victory proclaimed in the castle and in the cottage, causes us to mingle our emotions of joy with the voice of every true American, and hail you here as welcome guests!

The mistress of the ocean, boasting of her power, challenging to single combat, and confident of her superiority, has thrice been vanquished. You have taught her a lesson, that coming in contract with the *Hearts of Yankee Oak*, they were not encountering the vassals of an European tyrant.

Remember then, ye *Valiant Tars*, that you have been rocked in *Freedom's Cradle*, enlisted voluntarily under your country's banner—not torn by a merciless press-gang from your wives and children, and dear connexions. But fired with an ardent zeal for glory, and to assert the rights of your injured country, and punish the haughty foe who

dare arrogate to themselves rights inherent to the laws of nature and nature's God.

You have nobly vindicated your country's honor on the ocean—you have added new laurels to her fame; and your country receives it as a pledge, that you are resolved to support her rights and that her flag shall never be tarnished by cowardice, nor struck whilst there is a "*Shot in the Locker*."

The laurels thus obtained by your bravery, shall ever be green in the remembrance of every true American, and whilst under the command of a *Decatur*, whose tried valor and skill are manifest, not only in the late glorious conflict, but who also made the bloody Turk douse his colors in disgrace, you will be always sure of victory.

Go on, then, as you have begun, in the paths of valor and duty. Your country's reward is at hand—and may every *American Tar*, animated by your example and success, go and do likewise.

The boatswain replied nearly in the following words:

"In behalf of my shipmates I return our sincere thanks to the Corporation of the city of New-York, for the honor which they have this day done us; rest assured that it will be our wish to deserve the good opinion of our countrymen."

When the boatswain had finished this reply, his shipmates, in token of their approbation, made the room ring with three hearty cheers.

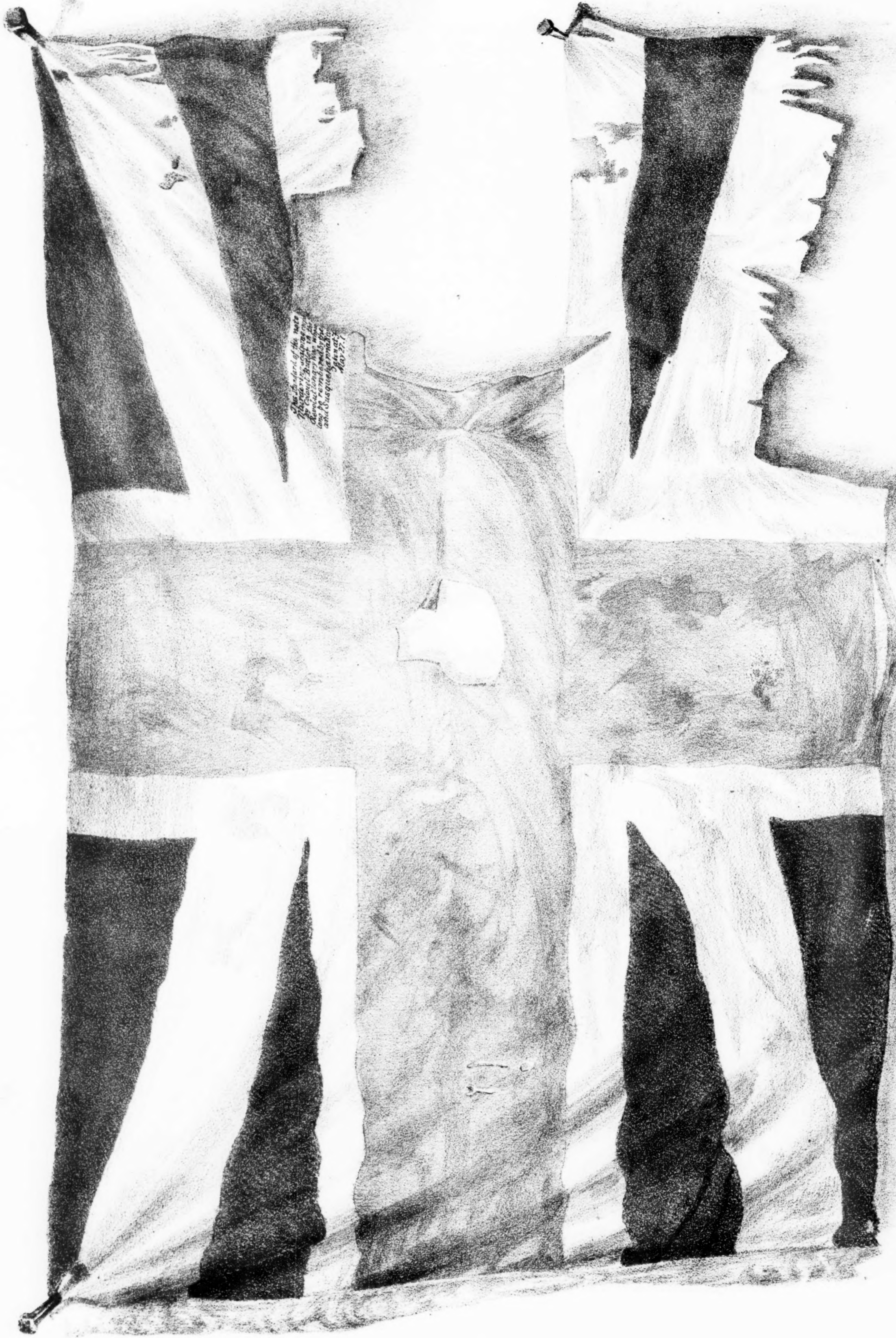
At six o'clock, at the request of the managers of the theatre, the jolly tars proceeded in a body to that place of amusement, in good order, where the pit had been exclusively devoted to their accommodation.

SAILORS VISIT TO THE BOSTON THEATRE,

APRIL 12TH, 1813.

THE brave crew of the *Constitution*, whose hardy brows are already entwined with a triple wreath, were on Friday last invited to the theatre by the managers, who generously appropriated the whole pit to their accommodation. The scene was new, both to the gallant tars and the rest of the audience. Their decent mirth and jollity transferred itself to the boxes, and the evening passed off with great éclat. When commodores Rodgers and Bainbridge, and Captain Smith, with their lieutenants, entered the box which had been fitted up for them, the whole crew rose, and gave three loud and hearty cheers.

The patriotic sentiments interspersed in the songs of the performers, and the transparent painting, exhibiting the five glorious naval victories, were received by the gallant tars with reiterated bursts of applause. At the name of their brave commander, they set up a shout that literally "tore the canvass." We venture to believe, that the whole universe never exhibited a finer crew. About eleven o'clock at night they left the play house, and returned peaceably to their ship.



Drawn by the artist, Smith, from the original drawing at West Point.

From the original color now at the Military Academy, West Point, N.Y., Sept. 6, 1880.

THE FLAG found after the MASSACRE at WYOMING.

The Stone Arch, Green

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